

Hello Darkness

By Peter David Smith

On developing an idea from a famous song....

There is a place where Darkness and Silence reside.

I found them by mistake, when I was a still a child.

I was unwary, stumbling and crawling across the rubble of a suburban bombsite. Playing explorers. Playing spaceman. Playing that I was in some strange land beyond the horizon.

Ironically I was. I was in some strange land beyond somebody's horizon.

Crawling across the ruins of some wartime house I fell, getting battered and bruised, into a ragged hole between broken bricks and broken wood panels.

And I lay there. Enjoying the peace and the dark and the silence. Ignoring the cuts and bruises.

And I knew.



Then I knew..... that the silence was The Silence and the dark was The Darkness.

These were now my friends. I sensed their presence. They cared and, silently, darkly, they bid me take care.

The Silence has a sound, the inversion of all sound.

The Darkness has a colour, the inversion of all colour.

Now I go to that place and to other, similar, places where my friends live.

I say “hello” and they do not speak, they do not show, and yet, still,

nevertheless,

notwithstanding,

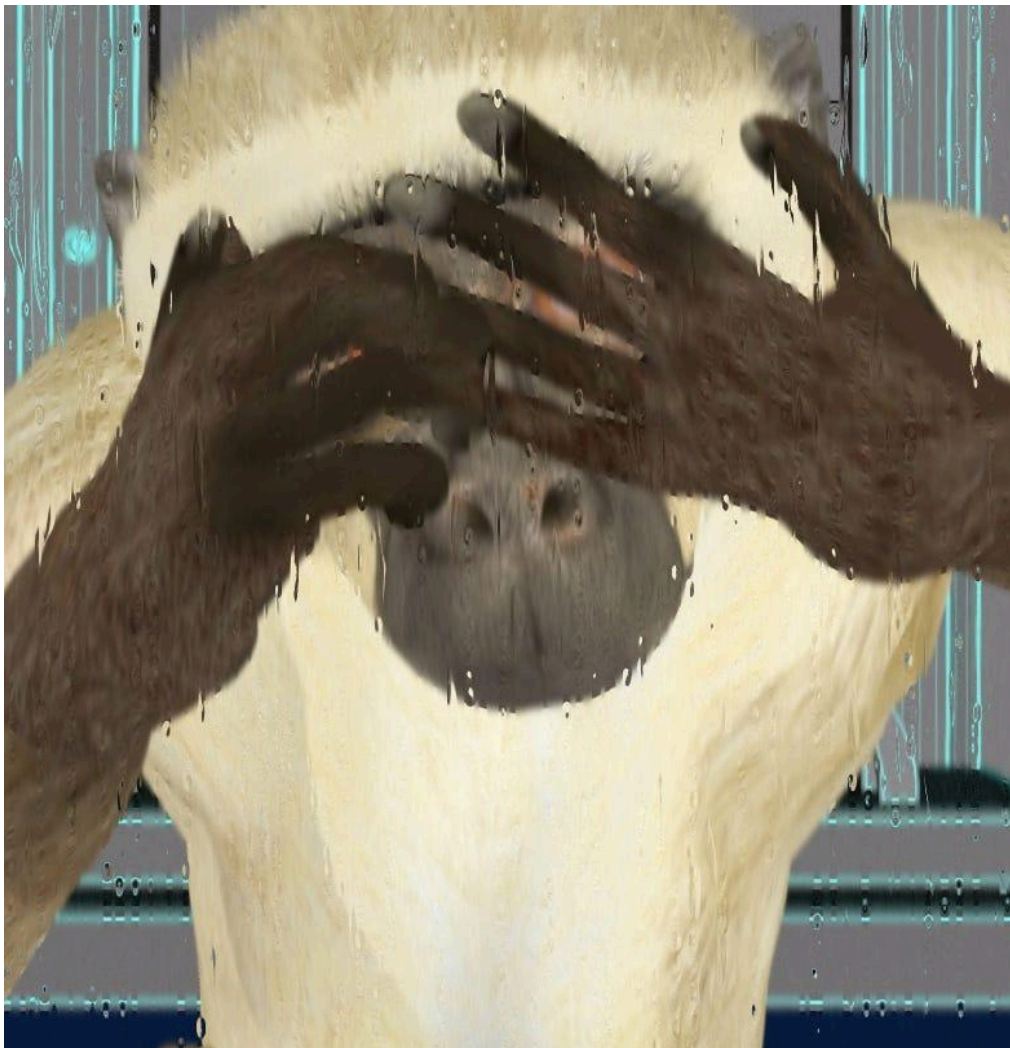
against all the odds,

absolutely, definitely, positively and for sure,

my friends are there.

Sometimes I sit as silent as The Silence,

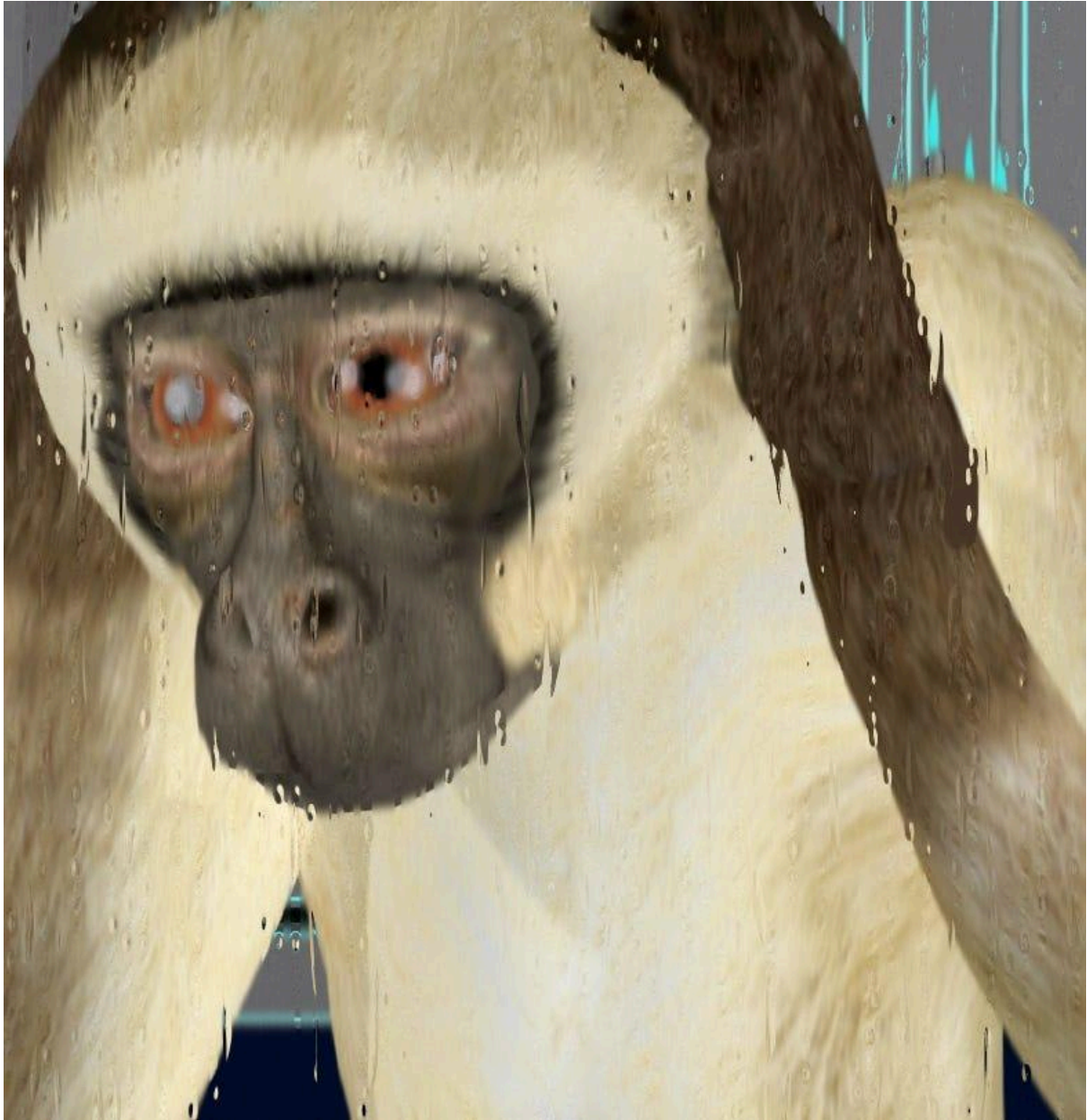
as dark as The Darkness.



Sometimes I talk to the presences in the hidden world of secret places.

I tell them about my visions.

“Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream”, the visions come to me like a planter of seeds putting ideas into my brain, to take root and grow, nurtured by The Darkness and The Silence. Within the sound and the colour of infinite inversion.



And then I realised that the growths were like a cancer in my soul, growing like strange trees in the wreckage of my flesh and bones. My friends were my enemies and I was fighting myself in the void beyond the fall.

Sometimes I search almost endlessly for the places where my friends can be found. I cannot rest until I find them again and speak to them of the visions growing out from my shattered skull. Along the corridors of dream, the passageways of the unconscious, the ancient streets of the other world. Alone. Always alone.

Others have walked that pilgrim's way and they have written their words upon the walls of the abandoned places and the deserted buildings. The moving fingers write and move on, following the cursed line of the lights and the street sounds. The traffic and the rain, the pollution and the grime. I walk on alone amongst the crowd of the spirits passing beyond and beyond and beyond. At the same time I lay sleeping in my skull, my bones embracing the city bricks and the lamp post halo'ed glare.

The new religions were growing all around. Growing in my throat and in my guts.

The electric religions. The magnetic religions. The gravitational religions. The space religions. The time religions. The mass and energy religions.

The new gods were assembling their forces.

The living and the dead worship at the idol of the electric spectacular, bowing down to television, kneeling before the internet, laying prostrate at the feet of commercialism.

The neon lights flashed and thousands of lost souls wrote nothing words and pivoted on sharp spindles of nothing to the point of infinite folly in progress beyond the pilgrims.

I tried to teach them but they could not grasp the meaning of the words and the numbers. The Silence and The Darkness had absorbed them as the weight of the city on the mountain groaned and screamed in the nothing sound of the nothing illumination.

The vast cathedral of the mass-transmitted electrical compliance continued to grow in silent power.



(Developed from ideas in Paul Simon's "Sound of Silence" and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress") .

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